Fen. Both my good Host, to go along with me.
Now here it rests, that you would procure a Priest,
And tarry ready at the appointed place,
To giue our hearts vnited matrimony.

Host. But how will you come to steale her from among them?

Fen. That hath sweete *Nan* and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which she weares,
With ribons pendant flaring bout her head,
I shall be sure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the priest abides our comming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

Host. Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound vnto thee,
Besides Ile alwayes be thy faithfull friend.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.

Fal. This is the third time, well Ile venter,
They say there is good lucke in odde numbers,
Ioue transform'd himselfe into a Bull,
And I am heere a Stag, and I thinke the fattest
In all *Windsor* Forrest: Well, I stand heere
For *Horne* the Hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter Mistresse Page and Mistresse Foord.

Mis: Page. Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

Fal. Art thou come my Doe? what & thou too?
Welcome Ladies.

Mis. For. I sir *Iohn*, I see you will not faile,
Therefore you deserue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late crosses.

Fal.

Fal. This makes amends for all.
Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,
For my hornes, Ile bequeath them to your husbands,
Do I speake like *Horne* the hunter, ha?

Mis: Pa. God forgiue me, what noise is this?

There is a noise of hornes, the two women run away.
Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr, and boyes drest like Fairies, Mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fairies: they sing a song about him, and afterward speake.

Qui. You Fayries that do haunt these shady groues
Looke round about the wood if you can espy
A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round:
If such a one you can espy, giue him his due,
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:
Giue them their charge *Puck* ere they part away.

Sir Hugh. Come hither *Peane*, goe to the Country houses,
And when you finde a slut that lyes asleepe,
And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,
With your long nailes pinch her till she cry,
And sweare to mend her sluttish huswifery.

Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.

Hu. Wher's *Pead*? go you and see wher brokers sleep,
And Fox-eyed Seriants with their Mace,
Goe lay the Proctors in the street,
And pinch the lowsie Seriants face:
Spare none of these when th'are a bed,
But such whose nose lookes blew and red.

Quic. Away be gone, his minde fulfill,
And looke that none of you stand still.